

THE
P A T R I A D.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

THE
PATRIAD,
AN
HEROIC POEM,
IN
THREE BOOKS.

L O N D O N.

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MDCCXXXVI.

T H E
P A T R I A D.

B O O K I.

I Sing—for poets, still on fire,
Always sing and strike the lyre,
Altho', in fact, whate'er they say,
Most poets neither sing nor play.
I sing——but ere I do begin,
Let's not forget that 'twere a sin,
In any age, in any nation,
To start without an invocation.

5

B

Come

Come then, harmonious sisters nine!
 Confest of origin divine, 10
 And stand before me, at your ease,
 Or cloth'd or naked, as you please.
 Mankind, with universal voice,
 Agree that poets have their choice;
 That ev'ry bard, of right, may chuse, 15
 Of all the nine, his fav'rite muse;
 But, which to take? for choice breeds care,
 When all are smiling, graceful, fair?
 That is the question—'tis no matter:
 I will not, must not, cannot flatter. 20

Thou, fickle muse, who giv'st assistance
 To Courtney Melmoth, keep thy distance.
 Thou art so stupid, that, with thee,
 I wish to have no *Sympathy*:
 And thou, who yearly dost inspire 25
 The dull, the feeble, faltring lyre
 Of him who sweeps old Seaton's Prize,
 I from my very soul despise.

Nor

Nor do I ask thy aid, young madam,
 Who spinnest odes, not all worth a damn ; 30
 Odes for a birth, or new-year's day,
 For little lads to sing or say ;
 Odes, to which not a single peer,
 Or peerefs, ever lends an ear ;
 Except that lord—I hope no scandal— 35
 Who late was bit by a mad Handel ;
 Who did invent, and not conceal,
 That cake of ham, bread, butter, veal,
 Which lifts his name up to the sky,
 And hands it to posterity. 40
 Perchance another may be found,
 Attentive less to sense than sound,
 Caught in, of harmony, the web,
 A dilitanti doctor Jebb.
 These two, at court, were not afraid 45
 To dance a jig—that Handel made.
 As for the rest, they mind the squalling
 No more than if 'twere catterwauling.

Such things are courtiers, 'tis no wonder
That they are deaf, tho' Jove should thunder.

50

You see it in their anxious faces,
They're lost in pensions and in places :
Or be they commoners or peers,
They're so absorb'd in hopes or fears,
That they have neither eyes nor ears
For any other earthly thing

}

Than smile of minister and king :
Court-gamblers all, engag'd at dice,
Now up, now down, all in a trice.
The game they play, at this great rout,
Is, *Out and in, and in and out.*

60

Do but behold that prelate there—
He has five thousand pounds a year,
Yet feels himself with that unfated,
And prays the king to be translated.

65

Those lords, in ribbands blue and green,
Tho' plump, are dying of the spleen—
They now are out, they once were in,

}

They

They both would think it no disgrace
 To be restor'd to any place ;
 To fetch or carry they would try,
 Or wipe the shoes of majesty.
 That gen'ral, who, the Yankies say,
 Than fight, had rather run away ;
 (But this I ween is only slander)
 Expects to be our chief commander.
 Not only these, but all that crowd
 Of lawyers, foldiers, prelates proud,
 Are so intent on that one thing
 To please the minister and king,
 That, e'en the musick of the spheres
 Would never strike their stupid ears.
 No matter—We have long been tir'd
 Of laureat muse by sack inspir'd ;
 For who can listen, when she sings
 Of nothing, but the best of kings ?
 E'en from Tom Warton, 'twere but folly
 T'expect new matter after Colly.

70

75

80

85

That Thomas, if you wish to ken,
 Search for him midst some crowd of men 90
 Assembl'd at a fair or wake,
 Or bating bull tied to a stake,
 Or camp, or Andrew prating loud;
 Alike to Tom so't be a crowd.
 But, if you chuse to search his wallets, 95
 You'll find them stuff'd with ancient ballads,
 Stol'n from minc'd pies, from kitchen walls,
 From chandlers shops, from coblers stalls;
 That if a man should want waste-paper,
 At any time, to light a taper, 100
 To light a fire, or light a pipe,
 Or should he even want to wipe
 His pen; or should some lady fair,
 From taking cold in the night air,
 Of finging in her ears complain, 105
 The doctor would prescribe in vain;
 For she might search the kingdom round,
 Not one old ballad's to be found,

So hath friend Tom, and Doctor Percy,
Stript walls and stalls without all mercy.

110

Your servant Miss—Aye, 'tis the same :
You need not, lady, tell your name ;
I know you by your patchy garment :
'Tis not your own, so there's no harm in't.
You are the muse, who, in this age,
Write songs for gardens and the stage,
So pretty, witty and, so fine—
I'd hang myself if they were mine.

115

Who have we here?—'Tis she, I ween,
That doth profess to cure the spleen ;
The comic muse, with smiles and graces.
But pr'ythee, child, why these grimaces?
You've learnt those tricks from that O'Keefe.
You're turning fool, 'tis my belief.

120

You lady, with that weeping eye,
That solemn step of majesty,
Are call'd the muse of tragedy.

}

There

There was a time, there was an age,
 When you sublimely trod the stage!
 All we have left is to deplore : 130
 Shakespeare and Garrick are no more!
 I want you not : I'll tell you why ;
 I'd always rather laugh than cry.

That muse, who seems so wond'rous coy,
 Yet seems so ripe for love and joy, 135
 Is she, in education's spite,
 Who teacheth ladies how to write
 Romances ; ladies, who, at school,
 Did never learn one grammar-rule ;
 Ladies, who daily glut the town 140
 With ill-told stories not their own ;
 Illiterate nonsense, with intent
 To render maids incontinent ;
 Or who, as now the mode in France is,
 For comedies, write stage-romances, 145

Now

So full of Venus and of Cupid,
 So sentimental, and so stupid !
 Now take your leave, and court'sey lowly :

My compliments to Mrs. Cowley.

I may be rude ; but, on my life,

150

I had much rather have a wife

Could make a pudding or a pye

Than write a play—good reason why:

I never saw—'tis truly shocking—

A writing lady mend her stocking.

155

Now, if she will but let us see,

I'll lay a crown, above the knee

There is a hole—Ah, fye upon't !

Ladies I mean you no affront,

But I advise you, one and all,

160

Learned, unlearned, great and small,

If you regard those creatures, men,

Resume your needle for your pen.

'Twere better to employ your time

In making shifts than making rhyme.

165

C

Most

Most men had rather see you stitching;
 Girls, so employ'd, are all bewitching.
 If thus to industry ye turn ye,
 Ye'll husbands get before Miss Burney.

So far, fair sisters, 'tis agreed
 To other bards you may proceed.

170

There stands a muse among the crowd,
 Of aspect keen and pert and proud,
 And yet there seems, I know not why,
 Sense, wit, and humour in her eye.

175

I wonder who 'twas Butler fired,
 Who Rab'lais, Swift, and Sterne inspired?
 " 'Twas I, the muse reply'd, what then?
 I own my passion for those men
 Of genius, and for many more
 Who liv'd and laugh'd in days of yore.
 In ancient Greece I first began
 T'amuse myself with mortal man.

180

In

In Athens once I dwelt at ease.

I lodg'd with Aristophanes.

185

From Greece away I fled, in haste,

When with her liberty, her taste

She lost. To Italy I went,

On lashing Vice and Folly bent;

Where, as I stept upon the strand,

190

One Terence shook me by the hand:

Me, joyful, he chapron'd to Rome,

Which, for a time, became my home.

To Horace, Juvenal, and Martial,

And Plautus, I was ever partial.

195

Oft, very oft, to say the truth,

You'll call it but a trick of youth,

I've loll'd with Horace on a pillow

And drank a bottle at his villa.

Alas! they died—I wonder why

200

Such souls as these should ever die?

Henceforth, the influence of the nine,
On Earth, 'gan rapidly decline :
Devils incarnate rul'd mankind,
And all the world, at once, grew blind. 205
They took a tyrant for a thing,
By Jove appointed, call'd a king.
They took a priest—'tis shame to hear on't—
A pamper'd priest, for God's vicegerent.
But, what of all appears most odd, 210
They took a wafer for their God :
A God, I mean, of flesh and blood,
That eat and drank, and fat and stood.
They swore that priest, with sign of cross,
Could of that wafer make a horse ; 215
And, faith, perchance the priest was right ;
A horse of gingerbread, he might.
They swore, that priests, with power divine,
Could into blood transform good wine ;
But, ere you could inspect the cup, 220
The priest took care to drink it up.

They

They swore—a very likely story!—

In brimstone, hell, or purgatory,

(And swore it with an oath imperial,)

That souls would burn, tho' immaterial.

225

They swore, that wooden statues fainted,

And pictures by sign-painters painted,

Could hear and see, and, like postillion.

Ride post to heav'n, with pray'rs on pillion,

They swore that e'en the knuckle bone

230

Of faint-like finner, dead and gone,

On being touch'd, would heal a wound,

Or save from being hang'd or drown'd :

And, to complete th' absurdity,

That, three was one, and one was three.

235

All this they swore, and with the sword

Maintain'd it gospel of the Lord.

Such doctrine down men's throats they cram'd :

Believe, they cry'd, or you'll be damn'd.

Believe, or, by our Virgin goddess,

240

We'll roast your souls and burn your bodies.

Such

Such impious nonsense—on my word,
 Than Egypt's onions more absurd,—
 Such impious nonsense to maintain,
 Full half mankind, by priests were slain. 245
 Great Jove! that priests, of all mankind,
 Should be most wicked and most blind!
 Methinks religions might dispense
 With want of honesty and sense;
 But, for my life, I can't tell why 250
 All creeds should breathe impiety.

We muses, you may well suppose,
 Fled from such times and crimes as those.
 No sooner were the muses fled,
 Than Ign'rance her black curtain spread, 255
 And intercepted, from men's sight,
 Of sense and reason, all the light.
 Compulsive Faith, fell Superstition,
 Infernal zeal, damn'd Inquisition,
 Stalk'd

Stalk'd ruthless o'er a bleeding world.

260

Ah! Jove, why not thy vengeance hurl'd?

But Jove, the ruler of the sky,

Knows well, no doubt, the reason why."

So spake the muse, or rather sung.

She heav'd a sigh, and held her tongue.

265

I hope not like the *Bear and fiddle*,

She ends her story in the middle.

No, no: she only paus'd for breath,

One would not sing a muse to death.

Since that's the case, the poet too

270

Will pause, and, reader, so may you.

T H E
P A T R I A D.

B O O K II.

I'M often, by my grandfire, told,
Things are not, as they were of old ;
That quality, in former days,
Before th'invention of post-chaise,
In coach and fix, came up to town,
And eke in coach and fix went down.
Ah, happy times ! no taxes then
On horfes, coaches, and coachmen.

5

My

My Lord, to let his cattle dine,
Would dine himself, and call for wine :
His servants too, altho' none drank hard,
With Boniface would quaff a tankard ;
But now, e'gad, you might as soon
Stop Blanchard in his air-balloon,
Or stay the flight, by hook or crook,
Of Jim, the Oxford pastry-cook,
As stop a coach, chaise, or machine :
They all seem bound for Gretna-green ;
Or I should say, but 'twere uncivil,
They all are posting to the devil.
Not so, as I have said before,
The good old coach and six of yore.
His lordship dined, and then mayhap,
If so inclined, he took a nap.
At four the coachman, honest Steady,
Informs my Lord the coach is ready.
So I to wake the muse adventure.
She starts. I swear no harm is meant her :

10

15

20

25

D

I only

I only hope 'twill not be long
 Before she doth resume her song ; 30
 For time is ever on the wing.
 She smiled, and thus began to sing.

“ In darkness many a cent'ry pass'd ;
 But Genius 'gan to dawn at last.
 I saw the light, and travell'd post to 35
 Florence, where with Ariosto
 And Boccacio telling stories,
 (None ever were preferr'd before his)
 I lived quite to my heart's content.
 From Italy to Spain I went. 40
 Cervantes there I did inspire,
 Whom every nation still admire.
 In France, I, in successive times,
 Knew men of prose and men of rhymes ;
 Rabelais, and La Fontain, Moliere, 45
 Boileau, La Mott, Scaron, Voltaire.

In

In Britain, Shakespeare, Butler, Prior,
 Three bards of humour, wit and fire.
 Buckingham, Swift and Arbuthnot,
 And Gay and Congreve, not a jot
 Inferior to the wits of old.

50

In later times, I have been told
 • Scribblers there are, and not a few,
 Men whom, I swear, I never knew,
 Who boast of favours never granted.

55

I own, in Britain I gallanted
 With Roscius, and I took his pen
 And wrote a prologue now and then.
 The Connoisseur, I freely own,
 That whilom much amused the town.

60

Alas, poor Thornton, thou art dead!
 Much wit and humour with thee fled,
 But thy associate still survives.
 Such wits should have a thousand lives.

In Britain too I knew a son 65
 Of wit and humour, farce and fun,
 Who, rich in true *presence d'esprit*,
 Eclect *bon mot* and *repartee*,
 No favour'd mortal could excel,
 Or raise the table-roar so well. 70
 Alas, poor Foot! peace to thy tomb!
 Let rigid Virtue look at home.

One moon-light night, in Covent-garden,
 (For scandal I care not a farthing)
 I met one Churchill, stout and bold, 75
 He was a priest, I have been told.
 He took me for a pliant wench
 From mother Cole's or the King's bench.
 He ask'd me, if I chose to drink
 A glass of wine?—I tipt the wink, 80
 And in he led me *nothing loth*.
 The waiter gone, and seated both,

‘ Charles,

‘ Charles, Charles, I cry’d, thou art a poet;
But, well I know, thou dost not know it.

Apollo sent me, and this night

85

I pick’d thee up to make thee write.

I am thy muse sent by Apollo :

His godship leads, and thou must follow.

Exert thyself; be not afraid :

The title be *the Rosciade*.’

90

Haft thou not seen, where eunuchs sing,
A shepherd’s boy saluted king?

Haft thou not seen, in low derision,

A faggot-maker hail’d phyfician?

So Churchill stared and stood agast,

95

Stalk’d thrice acrofs the room: at last

He rang, and call’d for pen and ink,

And wrote, before he slept a wink,

A hundred lines, without correction,

Much hesitation, or reflexion.

100

At

At Portici, so hast thou seen,
 Vesuvius, on a day serene,
 Before a presage could transpire,
 Burst forth at once and vomit fire.
 This bard, I own, I sometimes met 105
 At taverns, where we took a whet;
 But he, at last, as with a punk,
 With Fame, that trumpeter, got drunk:
 Regardless whom he flew or wounded,
 He vice with virtue oft confounded. 110
 'Virtue, he cry'd, is not a saint:
 'Tis manly freedom, unconstraint,
 'Tis Churchill, Wilkes, contempt of riches,
 Cudgel, white stockings, leather breeches.'
 Once, in his pranks, at Johnson's fame 115
 He aim'd a blow, but miss'd his aim;
 Then, in defence of pious Jack,
 He threw a painter on his back,
 And, so belabour'd him beside,
 That some aver, the painter died. 120

My

My next excursion, from this mountain,
Was to king Bladud's ancient fountain:

(Not to drink water: no, the nine
Had rather, if you please, drink wine.)

That fountain where, to cure the gout, 125
Men boil their inside and their out;

That spring to which the fruitless fair,
By doctors sent, in crowds repair,

With help of Teague, to get an heir; }
That fountain, where, by high-bred bunters, 130

Irish blacklegs and fortune hunters,

Giddy, unthinking, unapprized,

Young men and maids are sacrificed;

That fountain, near whose tepid stream,

Herschel, awake or in a dream, 135

First saw, what long had been deny'd us,

That wond'rous sight, the *Georgium Sidus*.

From this gay scene of song and dance

Retired, I met a bard, by chance,

Of wit and humour ripe for fame, 140
 Anstey, he told me, was his name.
 I sat me down close by his side
 And caus'd him write *The New Bath Guide*.

Thence t'wards the North I took my way,
 Not to proud Caledonia, 145
 T'whose modern bards the art belongs
 Of fabricating ancient songs:
 Where pious cant and dull grimace,
 Of wit and humour fill the place:
 Where formal loons, in every station, 150
 Grind Histories of every nation,
 As men grind pepper in a mill,
 Or corn or coffee, if you will:
 Where canon-law and physic thrive,
 Whence doctors, like bees from a hive, 155
 Or Goths and Vandals from the north,
 In mortal crowds do issue forth,

All armed with Æsculapian skill
 To cure mankind—or else to kill: 160
 Where lads employed in spreading blisters,
 In rolling pills, in squirting clysters,
 Are doctors dubb'd and straight commence
 Death and destruction to dispense.
 If you but send the fee, of course 165
 They'll make a doctor of your horse:
 And why not *doctor*? since 'tis said
 Nero his horse a Consul made.

On this my northern tour, perchance,
 Joyous in rural song and dance 170
 With nymphs and swains upon the green,
 A priest I found, of aspect keen.
 Meagre he was, but blith and gay.
 'Hail, muse, he cry'd: here lyes your way.
 Come dwell with us. Go, honest looby,
 And hither fetch my uncle Toby: 175

E

Say

Say to his honour, corporal Trim,
 I hope, will come along with him,
 And widow Wadman. 'Tis no jest,
 This night a muse shall be my guest.'

With Sterne, jocund and blith as May, 180
 I trifled many an hour away.
 How hard, poor Shandy, thou wer't fated,
 To be so soon to Heaven translated!
 Thou wast indecent I confess :
 Nor would thy humour have been less 185
 If, now and then, with pen more chaste,
 Thou'dst blotted what was wrote in haste.
 Thy stars and ribaldry contain
 No wit, no humour: this is plain ;
 For they excite nor mirth nor fun, 190
 Even when read by Henderson.
 But peace attend thy shade ! thy glory
 Rests firm in poor Le Fevre's story.

Of

THE PATRIAD.

27

Of late, I now and then, by fits,
 Amuse myself with summer wits ; 200
 With either Colman, on the stage,
 By turns to lash and please the age :
 Or 'mong the Cyclops in the strand,
 I shake Paul Pindar by the hand.
 I know it well, his name is Peter, 205
 But Paul suits better with our metre ;
 And muses have a right to call
 Paul Peter, or write Peter Paul."

So sung the muse, and, whilst she sung,
 Enrapt I on her accents hung. 210
 But, finding now, her story ended,
 I bow'd, and said, be not offended,
 If an unworthy suitor may
 Presume to ask a favour ; say
 Will you refuse to spend an hour 215
 With me in yon sequester'd bower ?

E 2

My

My humble board affords no dainties:

I own too, that your bard no faint is;

But, virtuous females may depend

To find in me a modest friend.

215

There stands a couch, where, if you please,

Luxurious you may loll at ease.

I boast no nectar; to be plain,

I'll draw a cork of brisk champaigne.

Give me your hand: all I require

220

Is, that you'll deign to tune my lyre.

“Lead on, she said; I'm now at leisure,

And, since you say 'twill give you pleasure,

Ido consent awhile to dwell

In that sequestered rural cell.”

225

She ended, and the lyre she took;

And so we end our second book.

THE

THE
PATRIAD.

BOOK III.

THE traveller pursues his course,
Perchance on foot, or on a horse,
Thro' deserts wild, and long benighted
With dread of thieves or ghosts affrighted,
Bespatter'd, weary and forlorn,
At length salutes the rising morn
With rapture: so we now rejoice
To hear the muse, with welcome voice

5

Proclaim

Proclaim the invocation past,
And that we are arriv'd at last, 10
Not at the end, but the commence—
Ment of our tale heroic ; whence
The world *may* learn, or rather *might*,
If men would read ; for tho' we write,
And cant'ring with our muse proceed, 15
It is not clear, the world will read.
No matter, if we are rejected,
Milton himself was once neglected.
We cannot help your want of taste.
Genius, like cork, will rise at last, 20
Tho', for a time, by envious cub,
Held at the bottom of the tub.
Thus we despise those peevish elves,
Reviewers, and console ourselves,
Exclaiming to the bubbled town, 25
“ What horrid stuff Reviews are grown !
The *Monthly*—whisper : on my life
Is wrote by Griffiths and his wife.

The

The *Critical*, it is well known,

Is scribbled all by Hamilton.

30

As for the *Engliſh*, all its ſtock

Of knowledge iſſues from the Lock.

What pr'ythee, to inſtruct or pleaſe,

Can flow from fountains ſuch as theſe ?”

Stop, Pegafus ! ſhew ſome diſcretion :

35

Remember this is all digreſſion.

The world will learn——Aye that's the cue.

The world will learn, what is moſt true,

And Homer ſang, and ſang ſo ſo,

Above two thouſand years ago,

40

That ſocial ſtrife and diſcord civil,

As then, is now the very devil.

It happen'd, on a certain time,

No matter in what age or clime,

45

Two loving ſiſters did fall out.

Tell us good muſe, 'what 'twas about.

The younger kept a constant sputter
About her daily bread and butter,
Which she, enraged, would often say,
The elder sister stole away. 50
“ You filch, said she, my rock, my reel,
My carding stool, my spinning wheel.
If I but dare to sell or pawn
My linen smock with sleeves of lawn,
If under-petticoat of flannel, 55
In sport, I throw across the channel ;
Or if, perchance, in any quarter,
I truck a rusty musty garter,
For dram of whiskey or potatoes,
With din, like that of ten cantatos, 60
Or, like a rattling peal of thunder,
You bother your meek sister Blunder.
What (in her rage she'd often say)
Concerns it you, or yours, I pray,
To whom, or how I do dispose 65
Of goods of chattels, or of clothes ?

Or

Or if, perchance, when all is gone,
 I find it standeth me upon
 To sell, when I am so inclin'd,
 The only thing that's left behind?
 Indeed to speak the truth methinks,
 You might in prudence, madam Minx,
 Have saved yourself and me the trouble
 Of all this mighty hubble bubble.
 But now attentive lend an ear.
 From this day forth, I vow and swear,
 By great St. Patrick, and by Jesus,
 If you continue thus to teize us;
 If you be always after talking
 Like a grey-goose or gally-gaukin,
 About the things that don't concern ye,
 I shall, or may the devil burn me,
 Soon act a bloody play or farce
 And kick your shins or whip your ——
 See there, she said, upon my right
 A gallant formidable fight,

70

75

80

85

F

An

An iron grove of glitt'ring spears,
 All men of thimbles and of shears,
 With four milk and potatoes fed,
 An ample match for beef and bread. 90
 Behold the cavalry of Cork :
 They'll fight your prince or duke of York.
 What tho' in military straddle
 They sit revers'd upon the saddle,
 And to the crupper turn their faces, 95
 'Tis Irish all and no disgrace is.
 Thus seated, they in case of rout,
 Have then no need to turn about.
 Three valiant knights precede the rest ;
 Dubb'd lately, by his Grace, in jest, 100
 A boy, a fisher, papist doctor !
 The city swore my Lord had mock'd her.

Behold embattled, that fair host,
 My pride, my fortitude, my boast :

Cabogues

THE PATRIAD.

35

Cabogues and cowboys from Dunleary

105

White-boys and black from Tipperary ;

Heroes who never were afraid

To carry off defenceless maid :

All men of valour, most notorious

For drinking first of August glorious ;

110

Immortal memory to that prince

Whom we should have forgot long since,

Had it not been—peace with your boasting—

For English funds and Irish toasting.

The glorious battle of the Boyne,

115

'Twas somewhat yours and somewhat mine,

The glorious battle, that day won,

Drove out the whore of Babylon ;

But having changed our minds since then

We join to bring her back again.

120

To say the truth, 'tween you and me,

We're both as arrant brims as she ;

But that is neither here nor there,

A G—ve—r, and L—g—n—r,

F 2

Have

Have shewn, in spite of rank and riches, 125
That female nobles may be b—s.

Now cast your eye along the line.
These men of valour all are mine.
In spite of nature and their stars,
They swear, by Jesus, to the wars 130
They swarm indignant from their hives,
By being *kilt* to save their lives.
Mark well that troop, whose helmets shine
Almost as bright as yours and mine.
Behold their plumes and stand appall'd: 135
These * heroes we have Patriots call'd.
Their chieftain mitred, as you see,
The pride of episcopacy:

A man

* What ! call common foldiers *heroes* ?—Homer in the first page of the Iliad has done the same thing. *Si ces troupes* (says Madam Dacier) *essoient toutes des heros, quels devoient estre les capitaines ?*—And pray, learned Madam, by whom were you taught, that a common soldier may not be as great a hero as a captain ?—But these Hibernians were not *common* foldiers : they were very *uncommon* foldiers : Volunteers ; heroes all.

A man who, any time of day,
 Had rather fight or —— than pray : 140
 Who for a patriotic life,
 Hath left at home a lovely wife.
 To leave a wife, a good one too!
 What could a patriot priest more do?
 These bands puissant hurl defiance, 145
 And soon will bring you to compliance.
 We'll teach you!—But I needs must pause
 For want of breath."—They hiss'd applause :
 For, in that country, it doth hap
 Men always hiss, when they should clap, 150
 And vice versa: wrong is right,
 Great small, high low, up down, black white.

Hibernia paus'd but clinch'd her fist
 (With passion, some aver she p—)
 Straddling she stood; her face as red 155
 As Lord Mayor's gown or turkey's head.

Or,

Or, if you please, compare her face
To this Morocco letter-case.

Just in this attitude I've seen,
Of Billingsgate, the gin-full queen,
When scarce confessing Gods superiors
She bids the world kiss her posteriors.

160

From her red eyes flashes proceed
Like those from shield of Diomede.

Her brawny azure legs bestride

165

The ample kennel's fable tide

Like that colossus (a true tale)

Between whose legs a ship might fail.

Her loud shrill pipe delights our ears

As saw in gate or grinding sheers.

170

In blackguard elocution, all

The Greeks and Trojans, great and small,

Who brawling, fighting, sounding trumpet,

Spent ten long years about a strumpet,

She far excels.—Now, reader, list!

175

With magic wand I strike the mist.

Lo!

Lo ! it dissolves into thin air.

Thou now shalt see things as they are.

That mighty patriotic host

That seem'd substantial, is a ghost;

180

A phantom rais'd by pope and devil;

For, since we're grown so mighty civil,

His holiness will not deny

His int'rest with his majesty

Of hell: and so, between the two,

185

They rais'd this patriotic crew

To frighten ministers of state

And furnish matter for debate.

That troop, led on by patriot G—n

Tho' flesh they seem that crows might fatten,

190

Is nothing more without a joke,

Than unsubstantial vapour, smoke,

Those myrmidons of patriot F——d

Are neither fish nor flesh nor blood.

That F——d, of patriotifm the ghofl ;
 That F——d, who whilom travell'd poft,
 To tell the Britifh parliament
 That by his country he was fent
 To fhew them that he could with eafe,
 Act Cicero or Demofthenes.
 He fpoke, Ye Gods ! and all he faid
 Was, that he came from Holyhead,
 Or faith it might be from Park-gate,
 In forty hours, to fave the flate.
 The Britifh parliament, aftound
 Liften'd in filence to the found
 And marvell'd at the fenfe profound.
 But what made parliament moft crop-fick
 Was, that death's head upon a mop-ftick
 Should fcarce furpafs in what he faid
 Old friar Bacon's brazen head.

195

200

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210

Such are the patriots of thefe days.
 Whom fools admire, whom witlings praife,

Whom

Whom Truth, with philosophic eyes,
 Surveys, pervades, and must despise;
 And Virtue, with uplifted hands,
 Exclaims, "A Pult'ney and a Saunds
 Are yet remember'd prating loud,
 Then sunk degraded in the crowd
 Of other prating patriots; proud
 To sell themselves, and, in requital,
 Accept a ribbon or a title."

215

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Just God! but 'tis in vain to curse.
 Thus we descend from bad to worse.
 All public virtue, (shame to tell!)
 We might, alas! expect as well
 'Mong gangs of thieves or fiends in hell.
 Is there a prelate, in that groupe,
 That would not kneel before the Pope,
 And leave his conscience in the lurch,
 To be advanc'd in mother church,
 And thence obtain the papal power
 The loaves and fishes to devour?

230

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Is there a peer in all that house
Who for his country cares a fous, 235
Provided he may sway the realm
And fit unrivall'd at the helm?
Is there a member in that chapel,
Who would not Eve-like, for an apple,
To every ray of virtue blind, 240
Both damn himself and all mankind?
Is there a freeman in the land
That will not ope his filthy hand
To sell his suffrage to a fool,
A servile ministerial tool, 245
Resolv'd to sell, and so he ought,
In parliament the vote he bought?
Deluded wretches! can ye hope,
Ye who so well deserve a rope,
That men, who by a venal tribe,
Will not themselves accept a bribe? 250
Think ye, than you my lord more nice is?
Great men have only greater vices.

They love their country, it is true,
Just as much, and no more than you. 255
Alas! Hibernia, thou art taught
That kingdoms may be sold and bought.
A F—d, a G—t—n, B—k, a F—x.
Would they were all fast in the stocks!
There let them, eloquently loud, 260
Amuse the greasy, gaping crowd:
There let them talk till they expire,
And may the mob shout and admire.
We know them well and what they feel
When prating of their country's weal. 265
We know their aim is to devour
Their country's wealth and all the power.
We know, in spite of all pretence,
Of all their wit and all their sense,
That patriotism but means pretensions 270
To honours, profits, places, pensions.
We feel their tongues a greater evil
Than thunder, light'ning, and the devil.

We know that fools, in frantic zeal,
May give a stab to public weal, 275
And, by ill-timed impertinence,
Annihilate all just pretence
To future sisterly conditions
And equitable *Propositions*.
Hibernia! 'tis, alas, too true! 280
Thy children yet unborn shall rue
The dire effect of modern crimes
And politics of modern times.
Then shalt thou say, convinc'd at last,
"Patrick! the glorious day is past. 285
There was a time, a fatal hour,
When liberty and native power
Begg'd to return, tho' long neglected;
But we, like fools, the boon rejected."
Thus may a courtier in disgrace, 290
By too much cunning, lose a place.
Thus many a miser's thirst of pelf
Persuades the wretch to rob himself.

Thus

THE PATRIAD:

45

Thus many a squeamish froward belle,

Victim to pride, leads apes in hell.

295

Patriots, I hate you, great and small!

One HONEST MAN is worth you all.

F I N I S.

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